

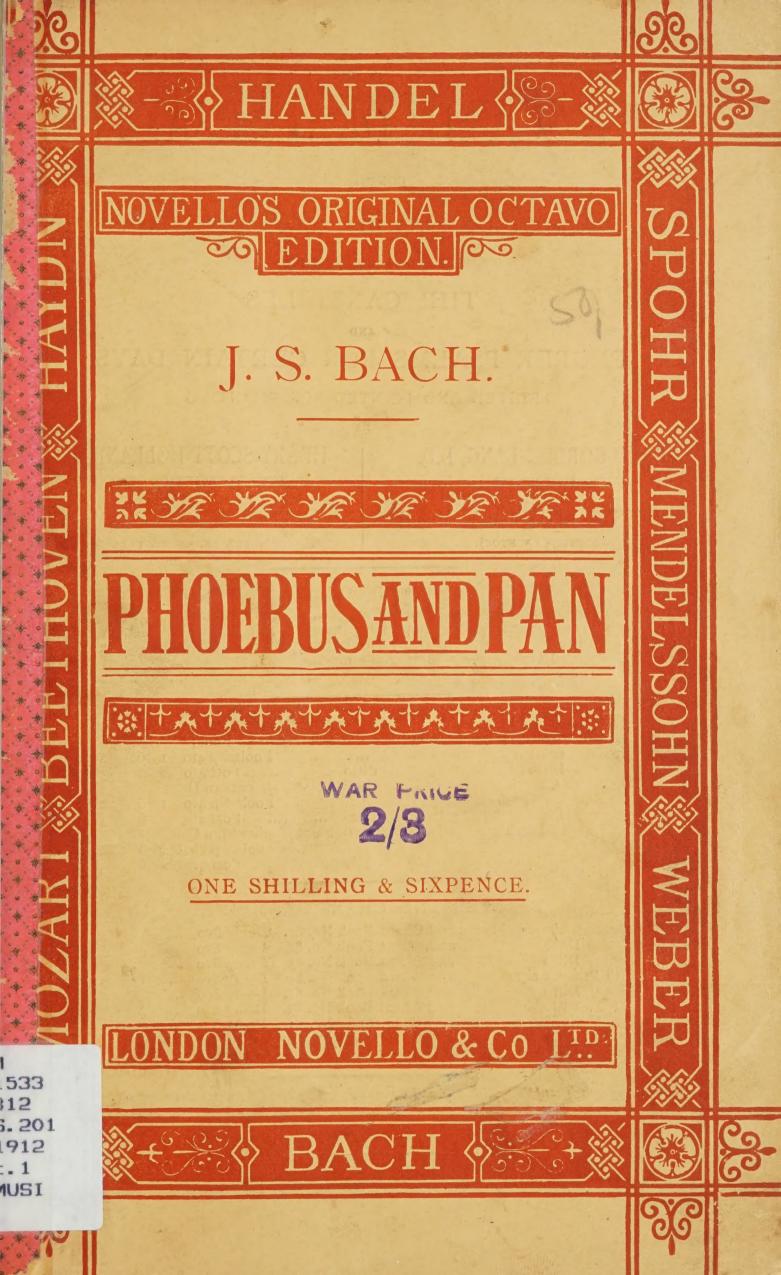
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NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

PHOEBUS AND PAN

A DRAMATIC CHAMBER CANTATA

FOR SOLI, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

COMPOSED BY

J. S. BACH.

EDITED, WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT, BY JOHN E. WEST.

THE ENGLISH VERSION BY J. MICHAEL DIACK.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

"The contest between Phoebus and Pan" was composed by Bach to words supplied by Picander, and was performed for the first time in the year 1731, by the Leipzig Musical Society. The story, founded on the old Greek myth, deals with the competition for musical supremacy between Phoebus, the god of the lyre, and Pan with his rustic pipe. The other characters introduced are Momus, the god of mirth; Mercurius, who presides over the contest; Tmolus, who claims the prize for Phoebus; and King Midas, who is delighted with Pan's untutored skill. Phoebus, standing for all that is best in music, is Bach himself, while Pan represents the light opera composers of that period. In the character of Midas, Bach holds up to ridicule one Johann Adolph Scheibe, an organist whom he had been unable to recommend for a vacancy, and who in revenge had made some uncomplimentary remarks about Bach's music. The ass's ears, which Midas receives as punishment for his rash judgment, are humorously indicated in the accompaniment to his song. The work commences and finishes with choruses in six parts of a simple and melodious character. The Airs, while all beautiful and interesting examples of Bach's art, err, if at all, on the side of length, and it may be considered by some that it will be to the advantage of the performance of the work as a whole if they are shortened. Further particulars of this, the most important of Bach's secular cantatas, will be found in Spitta's "Life of Bach" published by Novello & Co.



PHOEBUS AND PAN.

Momus...SopranoMidas...TenorMercurius...ContraltoPhoebus......BassTmolus...TenorPan......Bass

No. I.—CHORUS.

Arouse ye, tempestuous stormwinds,
With angry loud clamour break forth from
your bonds,
Louder now, then gently sighing,
Wake the echoe's soft replying,
Hark! how sweetly she responds.

No. 2.—RECIT.

(Phoebus.) And art thou then so arrogant and bold as to declare within my presence, that thou canst sing a sweeter song by far, than I? (Pan.) Of that there is not any question, for all the woods unite to praise my skill; lightfooted nymphs, as through the groves they gaily pass, whene'er they hear the pipes of Pan, no longer can refrain from dancing; ask them, and they will surely tell thee, Pan' of all singers is the sweetest. (Phoebus.) For nymphs thou may'st suffice, but yet, the gods on high, I warrant, would scarcely give thee patient hearing. (Pan.) Soon as my music fills the air, the valleys leap for joy, and the mountains rejoice; in graceful motion sway the branches, and ev'rything beneath the starry heavens is glad and gay; the little birds come unto me that they may learn the art of singing. (Momus.) Ch! hearken now to Pan, how modestly he sings his praises.

No. 3.—AIR.

Momus.

Oh, yes, just so,
If fortune you would know,
You must your trumpet blow;
This life's a motley show!
Some can spend, but cannot pay,
An empty show!
Some there are who strut and crow,
And as proud as peacocks grow;
A motley show!
Fools are reckoned wondr'ous wise,
An empty show!
Truth itself is lost in lies,
Alas! 'tis so!
All life's a motley show!

No. 4.—RECIT.

(Mercurius.) Now, cease this idle wrangling! That we may settle once for all which of you minstrels is the greater, let each select a wise and worthy judge, who after hearing, shall decide. Proceed your choice to make. (Phoebus.) In Tmolus I will place my trust. (Pan.) My chosen advocate is Midas. (Mercurius.) Come hither, one and all, good people, and give attentive ear; then shall we see who is the better.

No. 5.—AIR.

PHOEBUS.

With what rapture
Gaze I on thy wond'rous beauty,
Fairest of all mortals thou.
Perfect grace to thee is given,
And twin stars from highest heaven
Shine beneath thy matchless brow.

No. 6.—RECIT.

(Momus.) Come, Pan, let's hear thy best endeavour, lest we call thee boaster! (Pan.) When I have sung my song, then will you all declare, a crow is Phoebus.

No. 7.—AIR.

PAN.

My heart now is merry with laughter and song.

He who hath a heavy heart,

If he would from grief depart,

NI O D

Let him join the merry throng.

No. 8.—RECIT.

(Mercurius.) Come now, the judgment give. (Tmolus.) In truth an easy task is mine, for surely there can be no question that unto Phoebus must the prize be given. Pan, with his rustic pipe, may give unto the nymphs much pleasure, but when the strain of Phoebus' song is heard, all other singers must be silent.

No. 9.—AIR. TMOLUS.

Phoebus, in thy lovely song,
Nought of purest joy is wanting.
Birds in woodlands cease their song,
Hushed is all the busy throng,
When they hear thy strains enchanting.

No. 10.—RECIT.

(Pan.) Come, Midas, let them hear your verdict on my song. (Midas.) Ah, Pan! as to thy song I listened new life within my heart awakened; thy wondrous music stirs my very soul. Not even the feathered songsters of the woodlands can equal thy melodious singing; therefore for thee I claim the prize. 'Tis thou, and thou alone, canst sing with true and tender feeling.

No. 11.—AIR. MIDAS.

Pan is victor, all must own,
Now hath Phoebus met disaster,
To mine ears Pan is the master,
Therefore should all honour unto Pan
be shown.

No. 12.—RECIT.

(Momus.) Why, Midas, thou art mad. (Mercurius.) Thy wits have surely gone astray. (Tmolus.) Of wits, methinks, he never had his share. (Phoebus.) Say, what to him shall then be done? If changed into a raven, in course of time he might grow wise. (Midas.) Ah! do not be too hard upon me, I did but humbly give thee my opinion.

(Phoebus.) Behold! I place now ass's ears upon thee. (Mercurius.) A just reward, and may his hearing show improvement. (Pan.) Now do we see how rash it was to enter this vain competition. (Midas.) Ah! yes, indeed! too late we learn our true position.

No. 13.—AIR. MERCURIUS.

Gods above attend us,
From such fools defend us,
Now the bells and cap of folly
Place on Midas' brow.
He who dares to go afloat
With no rudder on his boat,
Disaster o'erwhelming he swiftly
shall know.

No. 14.—RECIT.

(Momus.) Good Midas, thou hadst better go and hide thyself within the leafy forest; this thought, perchance, may bring thee comfort—a fool need never lack for brothers. Stupidity and ignorance for wisdom often is mistaken: an ass, if he bray loud enough, may, nowadays, among the learned find a place. And now, O Phoebus, charm us once again; with thy sweet singing let the woodlands echo.

No. 15.—Chorus.

Once again, our hearts refreshing, With thy song our souls delight. In thy music, beyond measure, Find we ever truest pleasure, In thy praises we unite.

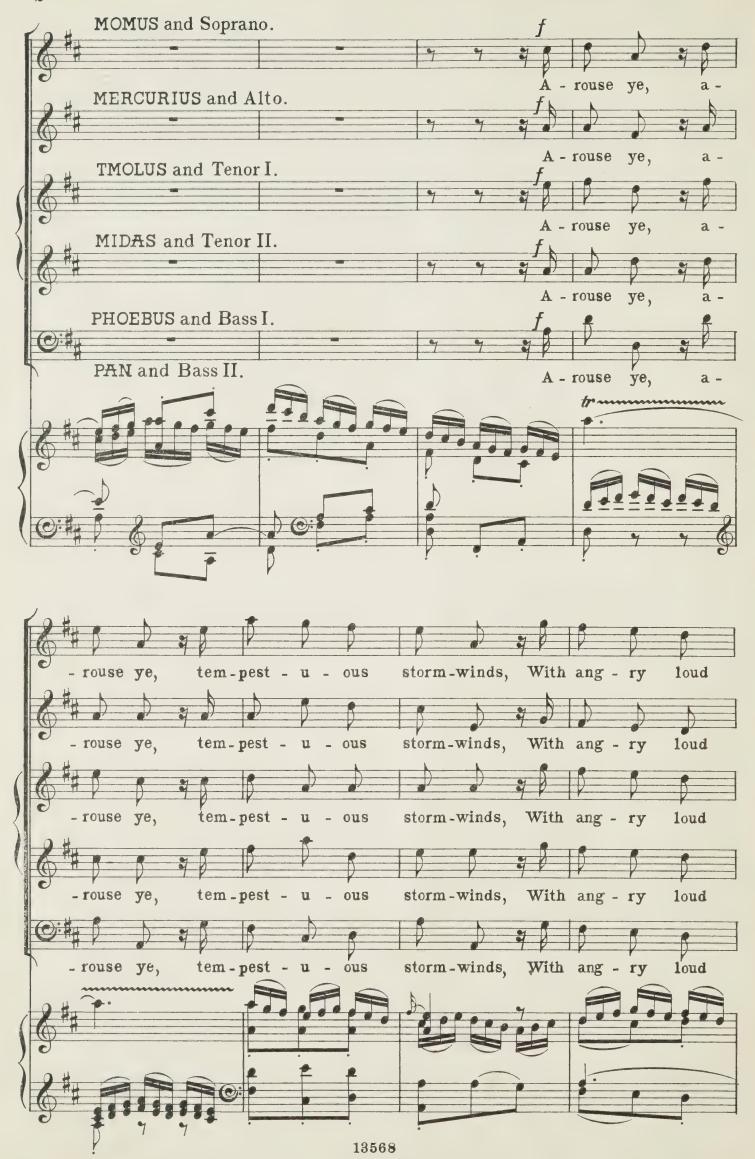
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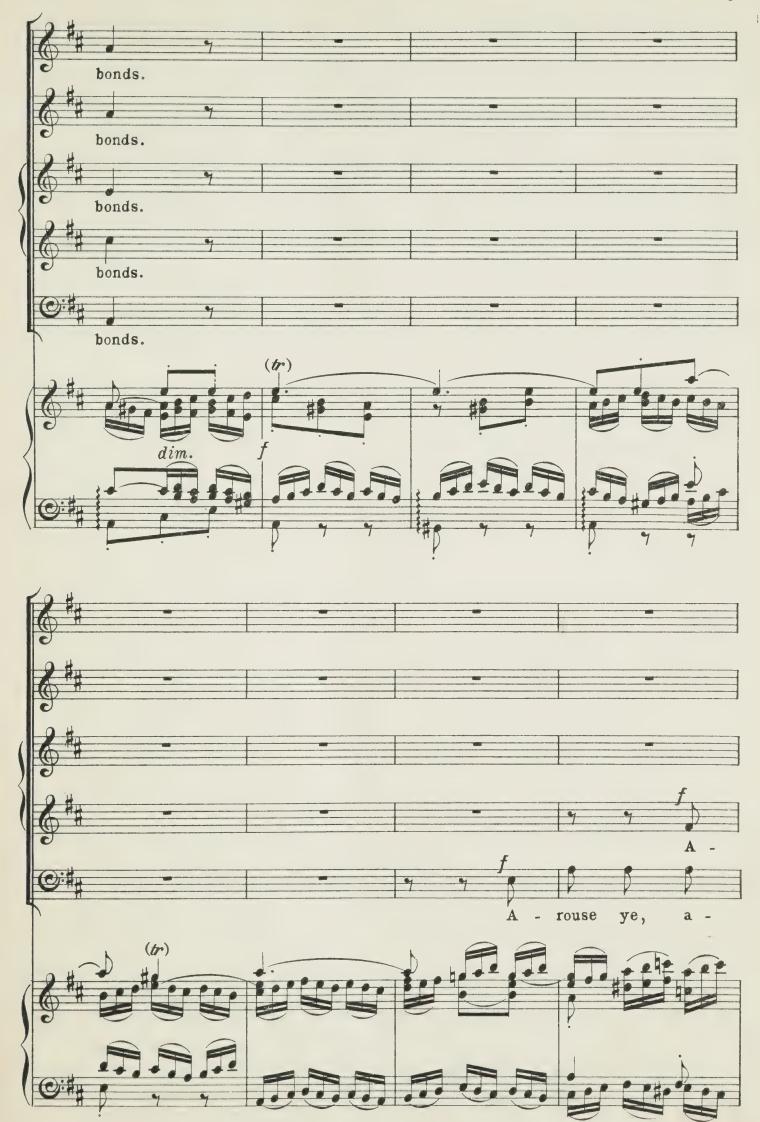
PHOEBUS AND PAN.















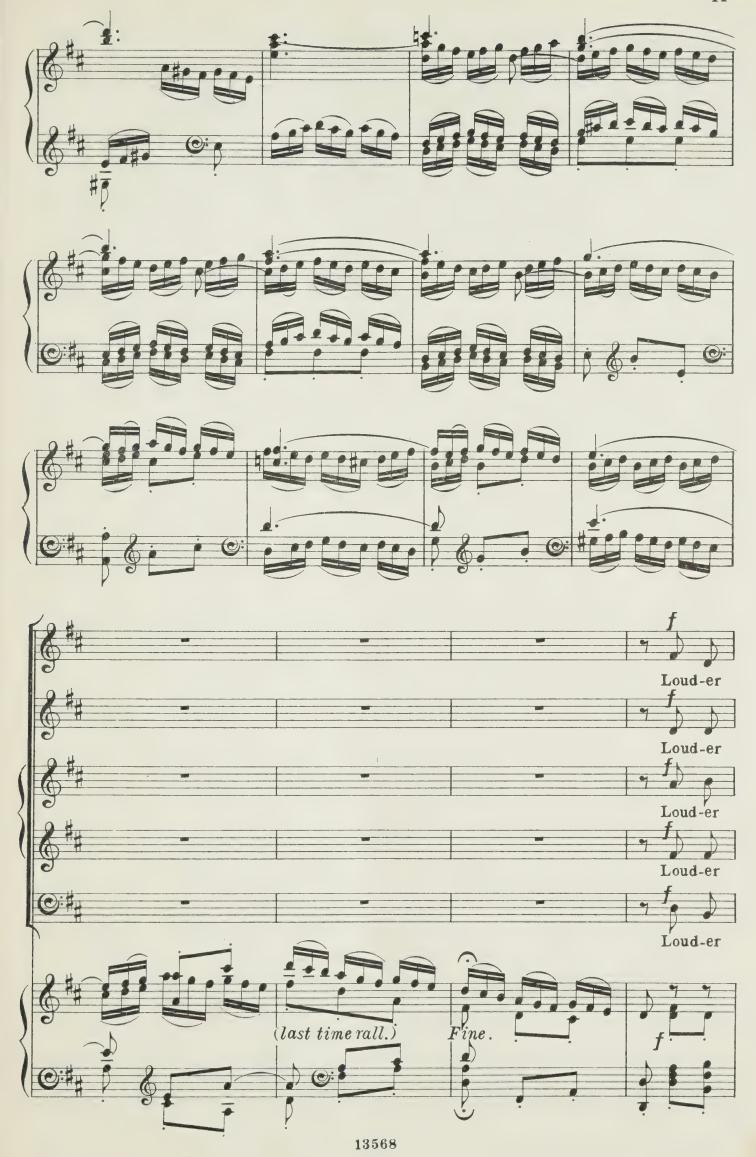
















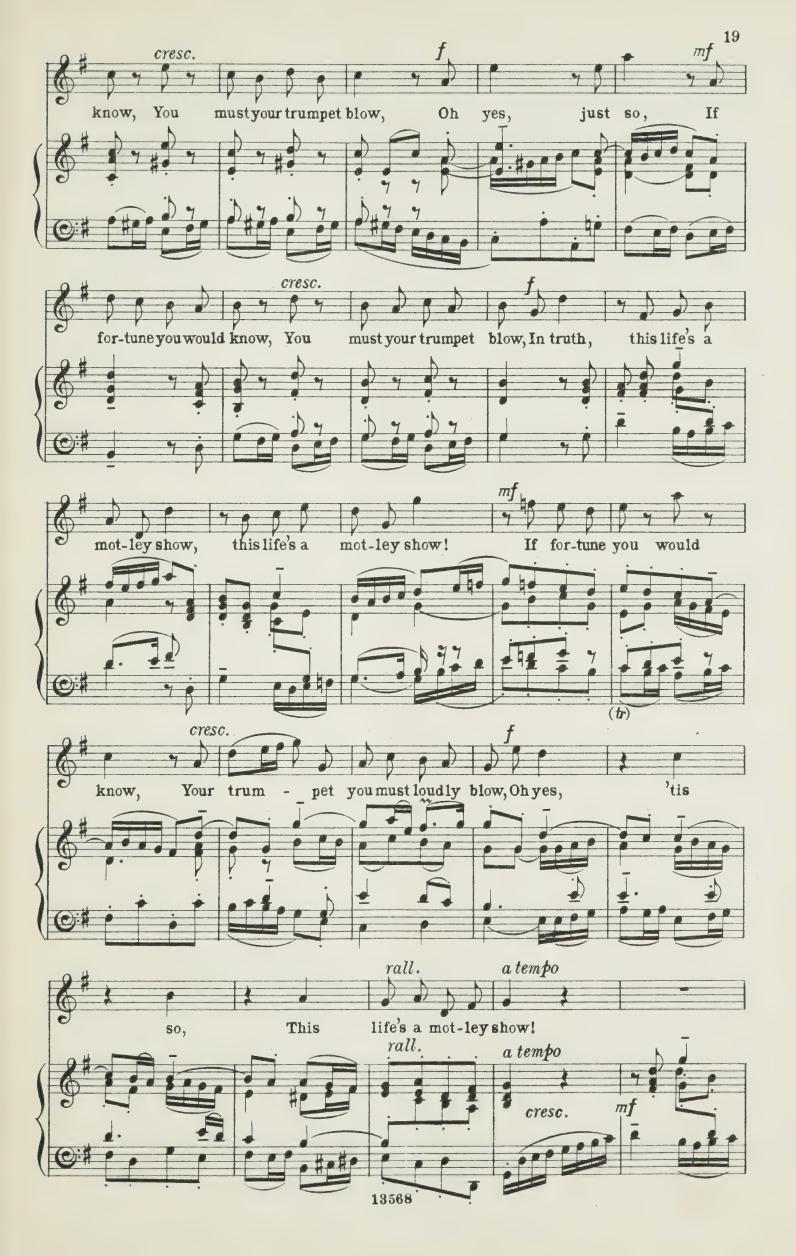




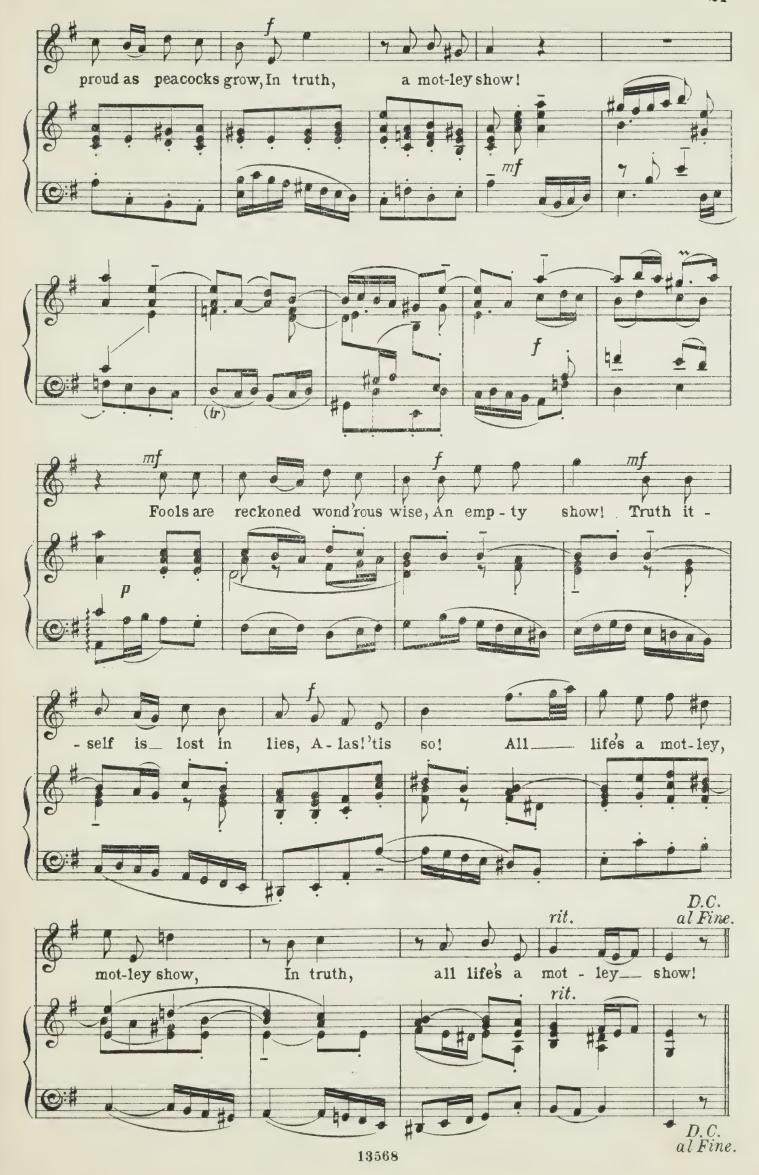
































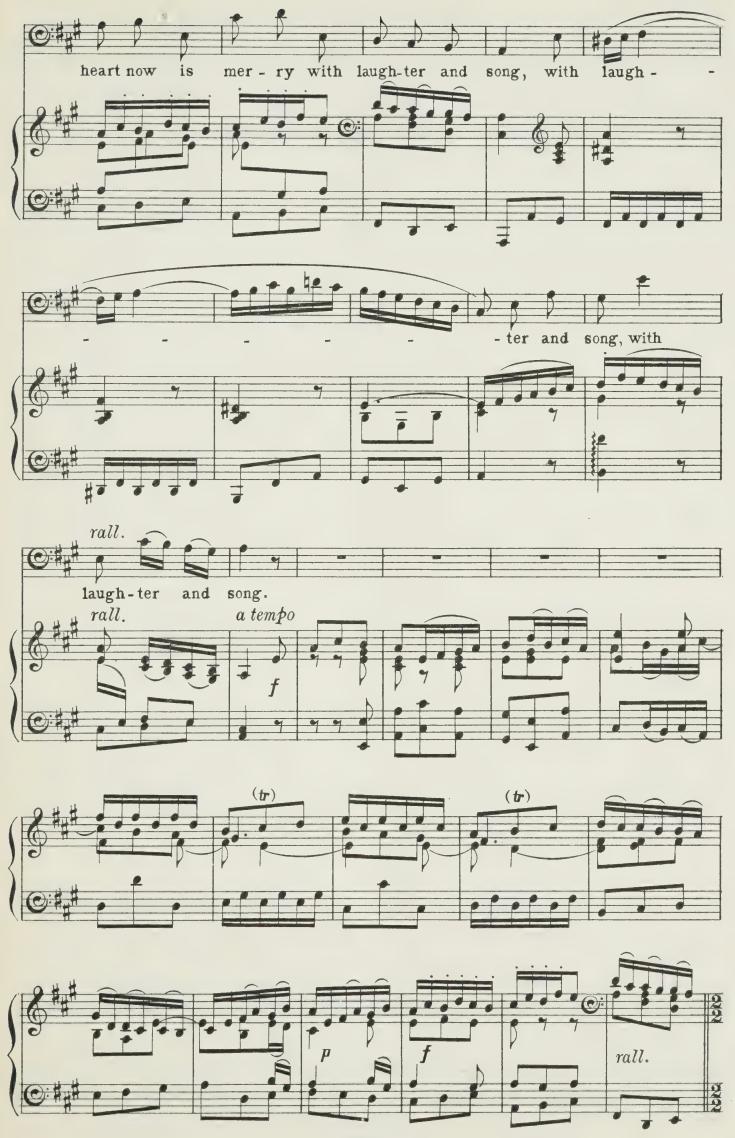




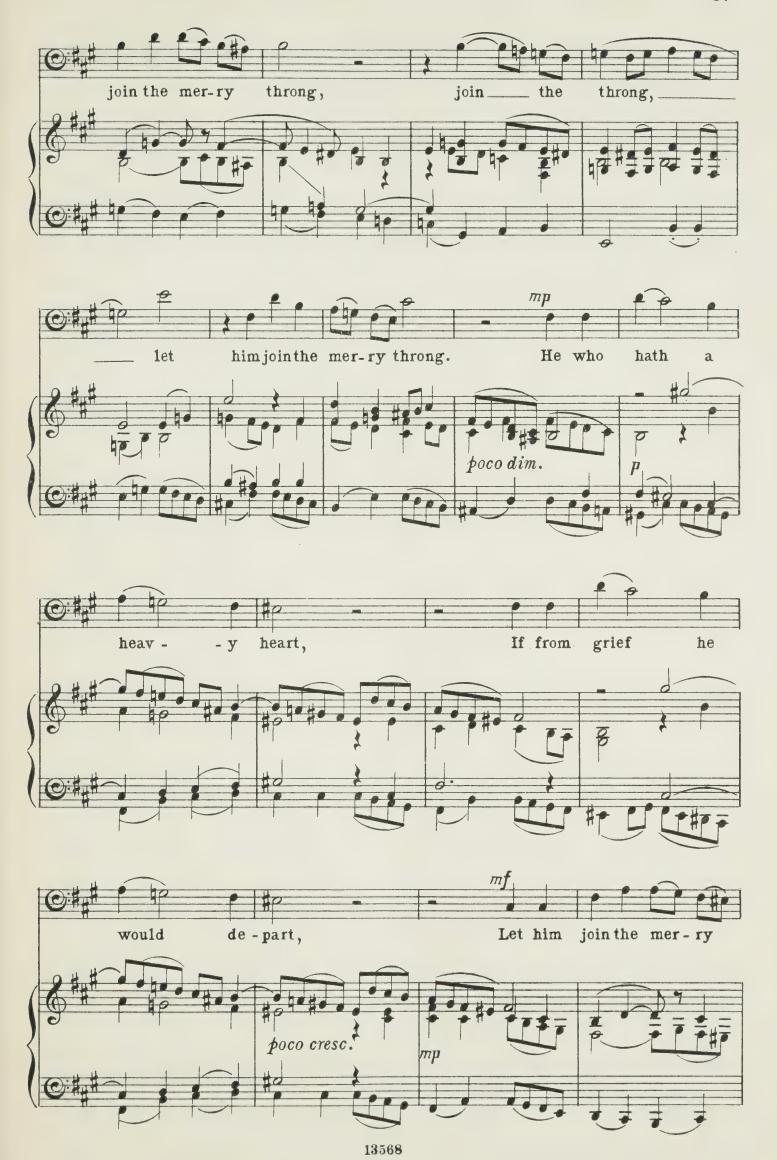






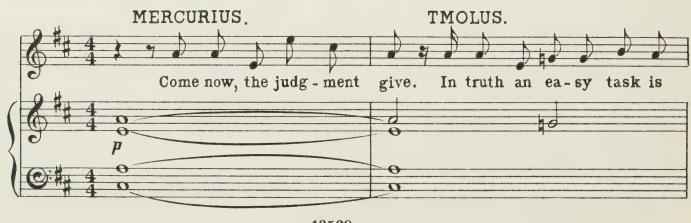








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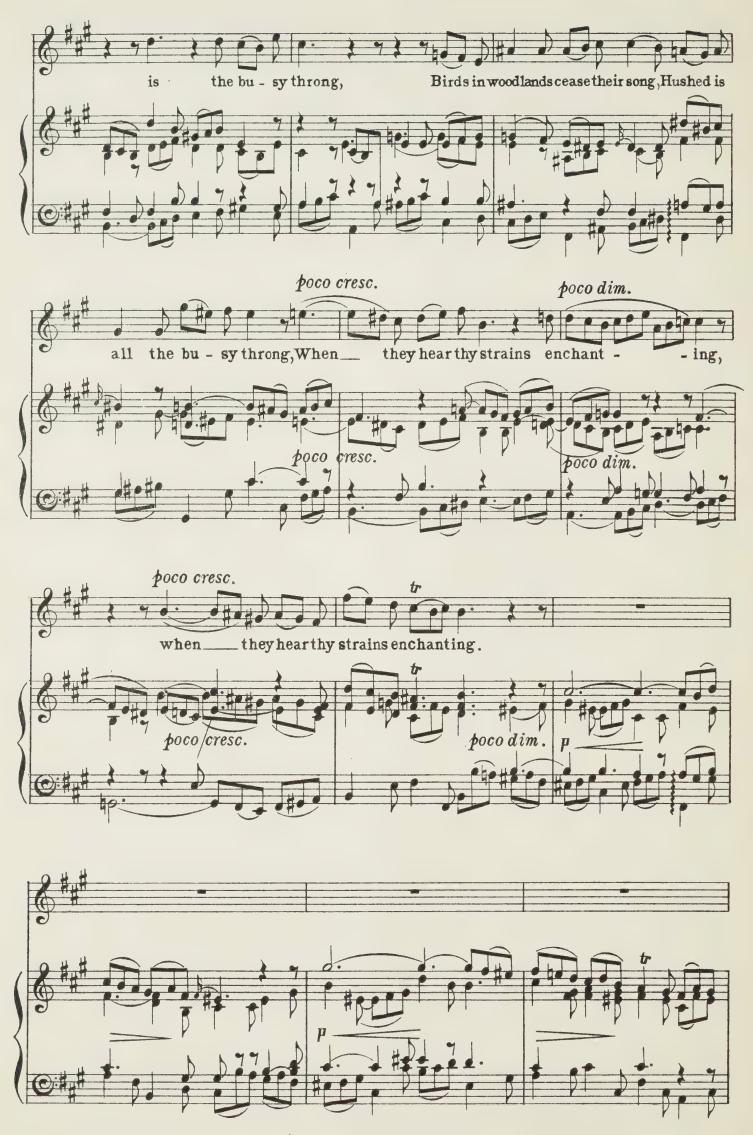
















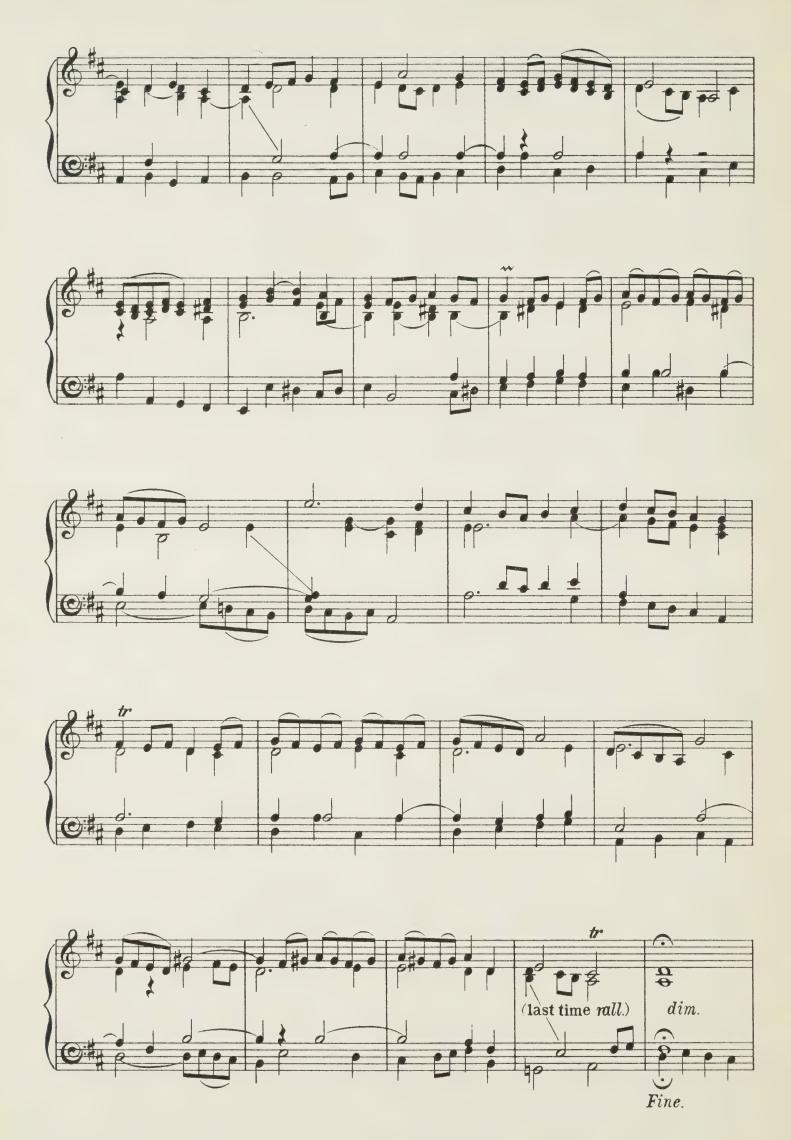








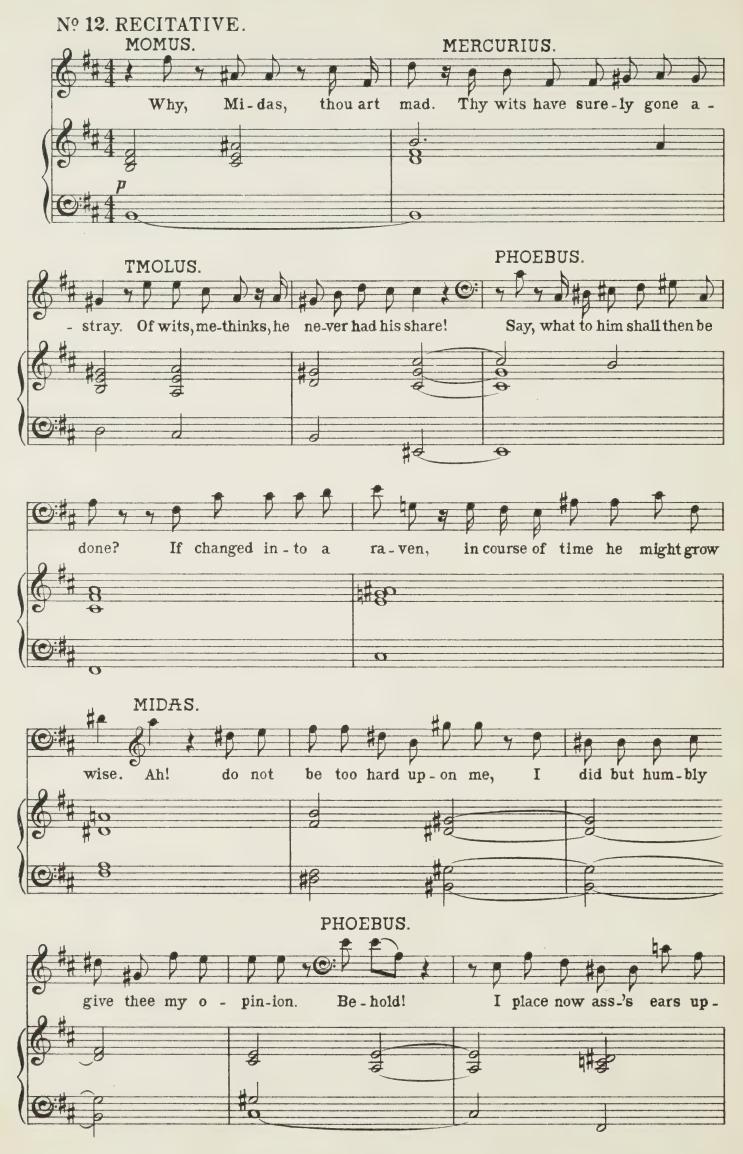


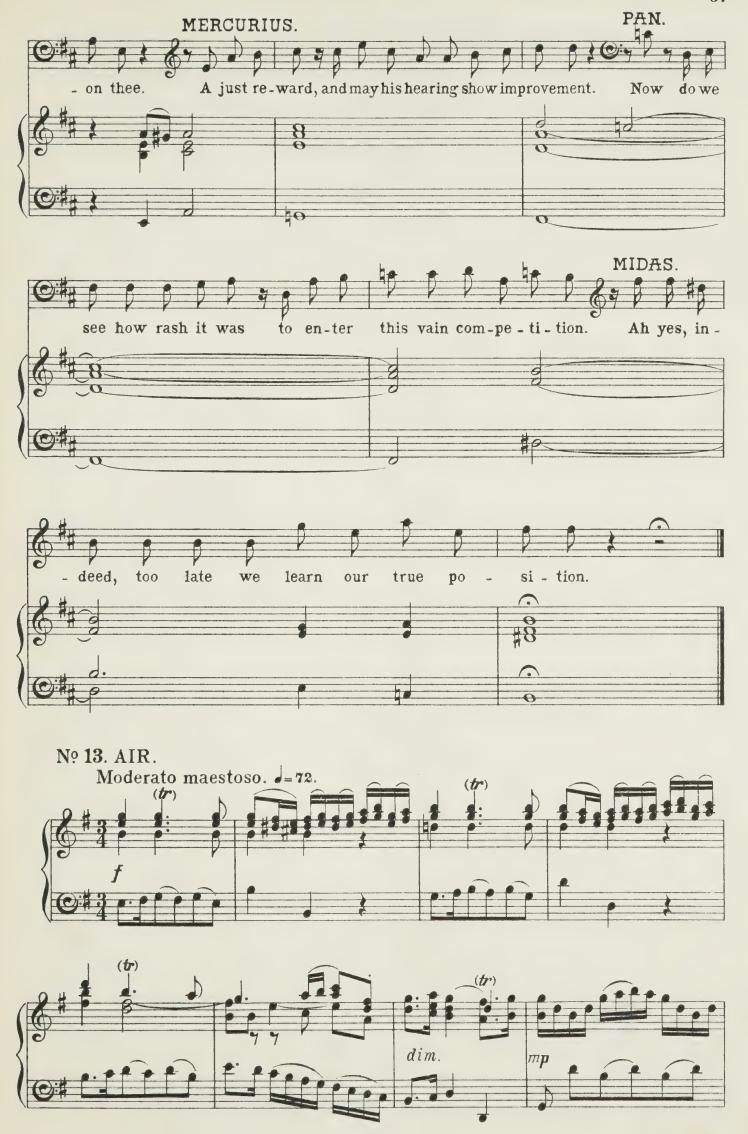
















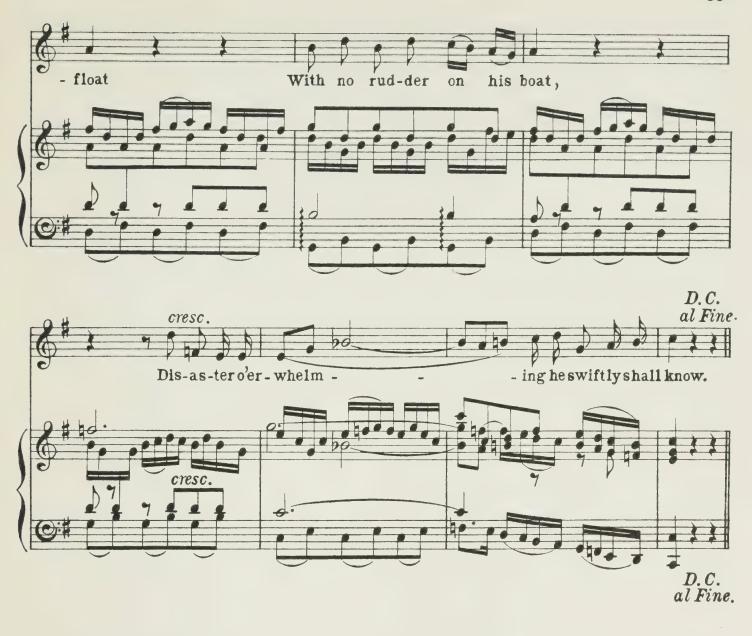




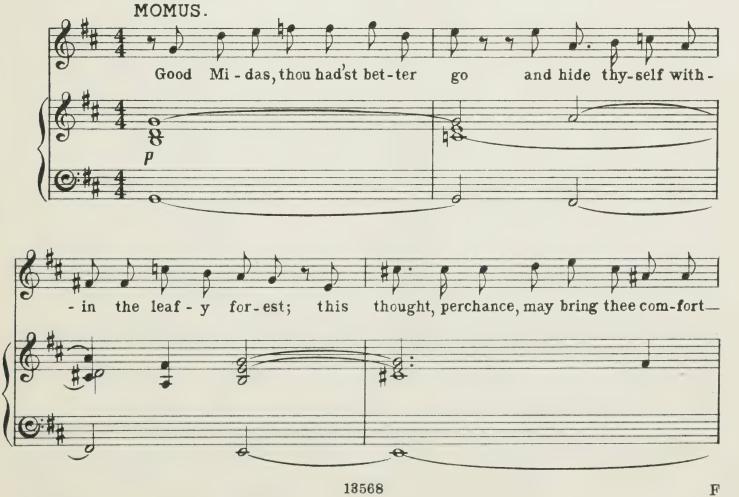






































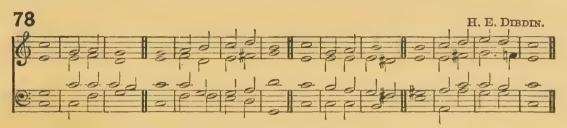
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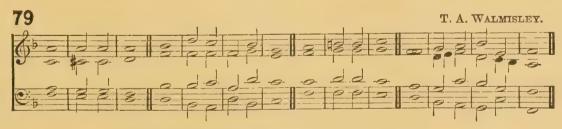
THE PSALMS.

MORNING.



PSALM ii.—Quare fremuerunt gentes?

- WHY do the heathen so furiously | rage to- | gether : and why do the people im- | agine · a | vain | thing?
 - 2 The kings of the earth stand up * and the rulers take | counsel · to- | gether : against the Lord and a- | gainst | his An- | ointed.
 - 3 Let us break their | bonds a- | sunder : and cast a- | way their | cords | from us.
 - 4 He that dwelleth in heaven shall | laugh them to | scorn : the Lord shall | have them | in de- | rision.
 - 5 Then shall he speak unto them | in his | wrath : and vex them | in his | sore dis- | pleasure.
 - 6 Yet have I | set my | King : upon my | holy | hill of | Sion.
- mf 7 I will preach the law * whereof the Lord hath said | unto | me:
 Thou art my Son * this day have | I be- | gotten | thee.
 - 8 Desire of me * and I shall give thee the heathen for | thine in- | heritance: and the utmost parts of the | earth for | thy possession.
 - 9 Thou shalt bruise them with a | rod of | iron : and break them in pieces | like a | potter's | vessel.
 - 10 Be wise now therefore | 0 ye | kings : be learn-ed ye that are | judges | of the | earth.
 - 11 Serve the | Lord in | fear : and rejoice | unto | him with | reverence.
 - 12 Kiss the Son lest he be angry * and so ye perish from the | right | way: if his wrath be kindled (yea but a little) * bless-ed are all they that | put their | trust in | him. GLORIA.



Psalm iii.—Domine, quid multiplicati!

- mf LORD how are they increased that | trouble | me : many are | they that | rise a- | gainst me.
 - 2 Many one there be that | say of · my | soul : There is no help | ____ him | in his | God.

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